Never weather -beaten sail

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)







2. Ever blooming are the joys of heav'ns high paradise:

Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our eyes;

Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see.

O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly, glorious Lord and raise my sprite to thee.

"deafs" = "deafens"